

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VII.—No. 299.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER AT THE "FREEMANTHOMASERIES."

"The Wonderful Lion, at Covent Garden Circus, has been completely put in the shade by the remarkable performance of Snatcher. Freeman and Gussie looked in at Mildew Court last Sunday morning, and made Poor Papa a very handsome offer if he would himself exhibit Snatcher in the arena every night. At first Papa seemed to think it would be loss of dignity; but after counting over a few summonses and one or two writs he had in his pocket, he promised to do what he could for them. The Press is unanimous in saying that Snatcher's strength is both extraordinary and unaccountable."—TOOTSIE.

A WARNING TO ORGAN-GRINDERS.



1. "We All Love Jack," of course. But when this tune is dinned into one's ear twenty times a day, well, it was a little—just a little—bit too hot.

2. So thought old Stickleback, who tried to argue thusly with Petro, the organ-grinder; but organ-grinders are so stupid, don't yer know.

3. So, driven to desperation, Stickleback proceeds to damp Petro's ardour, and alas! that we have to tell it. Petro is now suffering from water on the brain.

THE WATERLOO BRIDGE MYSTERY.

On October 9th, 1857, at half-past five in the morning, a man and a boy, rowing up the Thames, discovered a carpet-bag upon a stone ledge on one of the abutments of Waterloo Bridge, and, on opening it, found it to contain mutilated portions of a dead body—bones, flesh and clothes.

A surgeon examined the contents of the bag, and stated at the inquest that the head, hands, feet, and some of the ribs were missing; that the remains were those of a male; that there was a stab in the region of the heart, that must have been inflicted during life; that the body had not been laid out; that the chopping to pieces was not the work of a surgeon; and that the remains had been boiled.

Byrington, one of the toll-keepers on Waterloo Bridge, said, "I remember seeing a person dressed as a woman come up from the Strand side. She was alone. She had a carpet-bag. That, now produced, I believe to be the same. She laid a halfpenny on the iron plate, and took the bag with her longways. In trying to get it through with her, she turned the stile twice. I said to her, 'Why did you not ask someone to help you?' You've caused me to lose a halfpenny." She said something in reply in a gruff tone of voice, and I stooped down and took the bag by the handles, and put my hand under the bottom, and so lifted it up on to the iron plate of the stile. I am certain from that that it had leathern handles, with bottom and sides. I particularly noticed the bag, as there was a strong gaslight from

the lamp, and on the side I noticed that there was a bright flower in the pattern. On the bag, now produced, is a flower, which I believe to be the same that I noticed. I think I should know the woman again if I saw her. Her hair seemed as if it had been thickly powdered and plastered down on the forehead. I particularly remarked that she seemed agitated, as if she was in a hurry; and I thought she was trying to go by the train, which starts from Waterloo at 11.45. She spoke in a masculine tone of voice. Her height might have been about 5 ft. 3 in. She was a short woman, and rather stout. I have no recollection of ever seeing her come off the bridge again.

In a day or two Ball, a general dealer, made a statement. "On Thursday night, October 28th," said he, "I was going along Waterloo Bridge from the Strand side, between eleven and twelve o'clock. As soon as I had passed the turnstile, I turned back to beg a light of the toll-keeper. When I got there I saw a short party, dressed in female attire, and about 5 ft. 3 in. in height, passing through the turnstile. I heard Evrington say to her, 'If you can't lift the bag yourself, why can't you ask someone else.' I then saw Evrington lift the bag over. The party in question also had a parcel. She had a sallow complexion, with rather sunken eyes, and a mark on the left cheek. The hair was a kind of white, but it did not look a natural colour. I saw her features distinctly. After I had passed her about half-way across the bridge, I saw a rather tallish man on the opposite side of the bridge, walking easily towards the Strand."

Doctor Alfred Taylor, to whom the remains were submitted, came to the conclusion that they were those of an adult male, and that the limbs had been cut and sawn, whilst they yet retained the rigidity of death, in a twisted or constrained posture. He said that, in his opinion, death resulted from the stab in the chest, and that the body had not been used for dissection, and that all those parts which are useful to anatomists had been destroyed by a person ignorant of anatomy. He also added that the examination of the clothing led to the conclusion that the body of the person who wore them must have been subjected to great violence, and a stab penetrating from behind the double collar of the overcoat must have been inflicted with great force, as it extended from the collar to the undercoat and waistcoat; and with respect to the stab on the breast, he said its appearance was "unlike that produced by a cut or stab in a cold dead body, in which circulation has ceased. The edges of the wound were averted, and this fact, together with the infiltration of the muscles with blood, which even the soaking in liquid for a week had not removed, led to the conclusion that the wound was inflicted on the deceased either during life or within a few minutes of death, i.e., while the body was warm and the blood was liquid."

In spite of Doctor Taylor's opinion, the evidence quoted, and great exertions upon the part of the police, nothing further was discovered, and the Waterloo Bridge Mystery remains a mystery still.

"It's awful to reflect, O Billiam," murmured the Babe, "that you or I—"

"No fear of your being cut up and thrown into the Thames," interrupted the Boy of Blood. "If the doctors came across a freak of nature of your pattern, they'd slap it into spirits of wine and sell it to Barnum."

(Next week, "A Lark.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose stamps for that purpose.

LIL.—Yes, the Eminent washed out his famous bottle on New Year's Eve, and on New Year's Day he also changed his socks.
CAPTAIN CUB.—We have looked in the "Theatrical and Musical Directory," but cannot find the name of the lady mentioned there.
FRANK LUCAS (Croydon).—Your sketches are of no use to us, and, indeed, can be of no use to anyone except the man who buys our waste paper.
H. JACKSON.—The interesting relic has been placed in the collection, and has been greatly admired by everyone who has seen it. It certainly shows that the family of SLOPER is a very ancient one indeed, more ancient than even we thought.
LIONEL WITHERS.—Yes, the "Relics" can be seen any day in Shoe Lane by the simple process of flattening your proboscis against the Slopian window pane, and staring your hardest.
THOMAS H. STEPHENS (Hull).—You must apply in the usual way and take your chance with the rest. Why should we favour you more than anyone else?
CHARLES BADWICK (Dulwich).—The Present you ask for is, we are afraid, a little too expensive.
FANNY.—Your advertisement is, doubtless, crowded out, but it will appear as soon as space admits of its publication.

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ALLY'S WELCOME TO STANLEY.

As the Eminent's time is more than fully occupied just now, please address all Competitions to—

THE "WAGANDA,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close SATURDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1890.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"I AM ashamed of you, sir!" exclaimed old Flanders, in a crescendo tone. "Dadme, I'll disown you as my son! Get out of this! Go to Blazes! I never want to see you again!" "It will be no good my going there, dad, if you don't want to see me again," replied his son.

"HAVE you heard that fellow Jones has bolted, leaving a large deficit behind him?" inquired Chinwager. "Lor' bless me!" exclaimed Noodle. "I'm not surprised he's gone; but it's a wonder he left anything behind him."

It is related of Calcraft, the public executioner, a predecessor of Berry's, that on the first occasion his services were required, he apologized to the victim of the law, and hoped he would overlook any little awkwardness of which he might be guilty. "Don't mention it," replied the other. "To tell you the truth, this is the first time I've been hanged; however, we must both do our best."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 299.—The "Tudor" Costume.



Binks rises from his seat to return thanks to the company for drinking his health, when the seat of his unexpressibles gives way.

"It is said this Influenza Epidemic ruins the capillary organs." "You don't say so! It's enough to make one's hair stand on end."



Edith. Oh, Mr. Leapfrog, you are a funny man! Leapfrog. What! Confound it! Do you think I'm acrobating for your amusement? Perhaps you'd like me to stand on my nose next, and tickle my big toe with a goose quill, or something of that sort.



A SLOPER's suggestion for a dress for females. The dressmaker's bill would be much less if this idea was adopted.



Small Boy (snowballing bobby). Copped him that time. [He was copped himself afterwards, by a bobby in the rear.]

THEY were walking in the wintry weald, and lo and behold! the promise of spring had shown itself. A modest daisy peeped from beneath the hedge. "Oh, pluck it!" she said, "oh, do! dear Edwin; how I love to see you pluck flowers." And lo! he stooped down! And lo! a pair of buckskin braces busted, with a report that sent the mild eyed cows a-jumping over the hedge into the next field. And lo! a pair of brass inexpressible buttons flew up, and knocked that poor girl's eye out. And, lo! since that day, if she wants anything in the daisy line, she buys her penn'orth like a business Christian.

I WATCH the wintry star that twinkles high,
Set in the darkness of a cobalt sky;
To watch that star I crane my lily throat.
Ma cries, "Put on your petticoat
Or else you'll catch a snuffly cold.
I'd like to spank you well—
You hussy bold."

ALLY begs to inform his scientific readers that fulminate of mercury, gun-cotton, and substances of a like nature, should never be sold by auction, for though they would be pretty sure to "go off" under the hammer, it might not be for the advantage of those in the immediate neighbourhood.

WHEN the storm-worn mariner found his way into the Ratcliffe Highway saloon, and heard that sweet voice say, "Yes, dear, I'll have a fourpenny glass, and a seedy biscuit," he knew at once that he was somewhere near the port of London.

"TALK about County Court Councils," exclaimed Mrs. Clumberbump, indignantly, "if them there fellers would leave the musical calls alone and pay a little attention to them there Trinity House men, it would be better for the public mortality." "Why, mother, what's wrong with the Trinity House?" inquired Mr. C. "Why, I was reading that whenever they wants a change, they have a gal at tea." It took Mr. C. the remainder of the evening to explain that, though the yacht Galatea was of the feminine gender, she was not the sort of gal the old lady imagined.

AN elderly individual entered the office the other day, and addressing one of the assistant publishers, observed, "I want a 'SLOPER' for a week back." "Ah!" remarked our obliging and intelligent publisher, "I have heard SLOPER recommended for lowness of spirits, liver complaint, loss of appetite and insomnia, but I never knew it was good for a weak back before, and he made a note of it forthwith."

"NOW, MR. SLOPER," said the counsel for the prosecution, "remember that you are upon your oath, and answer the question I am about to ask you without equivocation—is it not a fact that you drink?" "Yes, sir, it's true," returned the Eminent; "I should have died of thirst long enough ago if I did not."

IN future years, when I am old,
And my fair hair, no longer gold,
Has turned to silver grey,
Despite the wrinkles on my brow,
Oh! wilt thou love me then as now,
Or seek for one more gay?"

"Of course I'll love thee as my wife,
So long as I retain this life;
Still, you need scarce be told,
There doesn't breathe a man as such
That cares for silver quite as much
As he may do for gold."

"OH, yes," observed Mrs. Clumberbump, "Mr. C.'s family is very antique. Why, Mr. Jones—him as is something or other at Herods College, insured me that his orange was lost in the midst of iniquity."

SCENE.—Not a Hundred Miles from Tulse Hill.
Little Boy (drawing a toy mail-cart, meets a perambulator wheeled by a girl at the corner of the street). Oh, go on, do! Let the female-cart come before the mail-cart. [Fact.]

IT was on board an Atlantic Liner, the evening after leaving Liverpool, that the ship's officer while going the rounds, found a steerage passenger cruising about when he ought to have been in bed. "Hullo!" said the officer, "what are you doing here? How is it you haven't turned in?" "I'm lookin' for my sleepin' place," was the reply, "but I can't find it." "Can't find it?" repeated the other, "don't you remember your berth?" "Remember my berth!" cried the passenger. "Well, that's a good one! I was there I suppose, but I certainly don't remember much about it, do you?"

"I SAW an American paper to-day, Tottie," observed Lord Bob, "and I see your sister is making a bustle on the Variety stage in New York." "Is she, really?" abstractedly replied Tottie, who was thinking how she could get rid of the smell of the sage and onions she had eaten with the cold goose for lunch, "she never would wear one when she was in England."

HE was a trotter-case manufacturer, and he had been gazing on the whisky when it was Scotch, and hot, with a piece of lemon, please, and he was blowing. "Yes, my friend, I can turn out work that would astonish you, that would make some of these bodgers open their eyes, I can tell you. Do you know I have made boots for all the crowned heads in Europe?" "Oh, I say! Draw it mild," cried his companion; "if you'd said hats, I might have believed you, but I'll never credit that they ever wears boots on their heads."

UNMUEZZLED, he upon her bustle flew;
The bustle down, he bit her black and blue.
And now his master's fined, sir,
One pound two. Sad, ah! to relate—yet true.
She cannot sit in peace within her home,
Let not your tykes unmuzzled restless roam.

THE last sprig of mistletoe had been thrown away into the dustbin. The last crumb of mince-pie had been brushed from the tails of the Eminent's Sunday best. Christmas had fled—the joy of life was o'er. Not even a pill box full of "Unsweetened" twinkled in the bottom of the immortal black imperial pint. "What should we do without Christmas?" sighed the Eminent. "Whom should we do without Christmas, you old-leaving-shop-door-wear-outer," answered McGooseley? "for never would be the nimble shilling found to pay for drinks which, owing to the spirit of the joyous season, are positively shoved down your throat for nothing." And, with arms encircling each other's paper fifteen and a half, once more the good old umbrella was laid on the counter, and the needful fourpence lent thereon, to find where-withal to overflow.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by E. F. BREWSTALL, measuring 57 in. x 37 in., in a massive gold frame, and entitled,

"THE OUTLAWS."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before March 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT THE "BRIT."

THIS is an age of ignorance! There are, probably, persons about who, although enjoying the advantages (mixed) of a School Board



Eileen O'Dearie: SARA LANE.

education, may actually be not only unacquainted with the fact that "Brit." is short for Britannia Theatre, but that there is a Britannia Theatre at all; or for that matter even an Old Street Road, or a Hoxton Street, or a Hoxton.

But just you ask them down happy Hoxton way what they think. The Hoxtonians, to a man, are justly proud of their Hoxton. Did not Titus Ledbury, years and years ago, sing eulogistically of his Hoxton home, although, if the truth must be told, he lived no nearer to it than Islington? Did he not say, "My Hoxton Home, whilst on the Rhine, A thought of thee my bosom fills: Its steep recall the mountain line Of Haverstock and Highgate Hills. I gaze upon its castled crags, Baronial hall, or lady bower: But memory's chain before me drags Our own dear Canonbury Tower. In fancy still, where'er I roam, I think of thee my Hoxton home?" And didn't he go on to say, "The Brunns which in Baden spring, Their gravel walks and flowery paths, Call up in visions whilst I sing, The City Sawmills' Tepid Baths. The eagles in their sky-built nests, Each guarding its sublime abode, Boast not the grandeur which invests The 'Eagle' of the City Road. Nor pump-room's dome, nor fountain's foam, Can equal thee, my Hoxton home!"

Alas, the City Road "Eagle" has fallen into the hands of the Bawling Brothers and Shrieking Sisters, the Canonbury Tower is tottery, and the other attractions next to nowhere, but the Britannia yet blazes forth triumphant, and the One and Only Sara conducts the big show and figures therein, to the delight of tightly packed and overflowing audiences. And a really good old fashioned knock-about pantomime may you always make sure of finding in Mrs. Lane's theatre, with heaps to laugh at. Here, unlike other houses, a new and original story takes the place of the everlasting *Cinderella*, *Aladdin*, *Jacks and Beanstalks*, *Sindbad* and suchlike, and this year we find *The Bold Bad Baron*; or, *The Fairy Fountains of Enchanted Water*.

The story, beginning in the good old style, with the good old dim light is not a complicated one, and gives plenty of good opportunities to Mrs. Lane, as Eileen O'Dearie, Walter Munroe as Baron Deepenough, G. B. Bigwood as Daddy, William Gardiner as Scorchina, Dolph Rowella as Duff, and Willie Crackles as Dick Darkdeeds to cause shouts of laughter and thunders of applause. Although the fun takes the first place in the production there are some very good scenes and a pretty ballet, and many comely—not to say massive—maidens take part in the brave show. As the hero, Millie Howes holds her own firmly, and as the heroine, Edith French is all a heartbreaker, whilst Myra Massey, Kate Florotta and Lizzie Howes must bewitch and beguile the unmarried Hoxtonian not a few. Munroe's songs came in effectively the night I was there, and Sara's Eileen was awfully good, and as for that Crackles, as Ma says—well, there! Of course, to be in fashion, there must be a *Pas*, after the manner of the ever memorable *Pas de Quatre*, at the Gaiety; this time, though, a *Pas de Cinq*, and it is danced with wonderful spirit. Altogether the panto, at the Brit. this year ought to be, and will be, of course, a big success; but with the pantomime demon, Influenza, loose among us, take my advice and lose no time, lest he may seize upon the favourites here as he has on others elsewhere.

By the way, Snook was about to enlarge upon the pantomimes of a dim bygone and rusty age, when the snuffles seized his dook-ship and put an end for the time to his almost incessant babblings of things that occurred when the world and Snook were young.



Infernelle: LIZZIE HOWE.

Duff: DOLPH ROWELLA.

Of the other Christmas shows more anon; but I might suggest to those liking something strongly melo-dramatic, that *Master and Man*, just now on at the Princess's, ought not to be missed, for in it Henry Neville, Jack Barnes, Bella Pateman and Fanny Brough come well to the front, and Robert Pateman surpasses all former efforts.

At home at Blissville I regret to say things are not too happy. Alexandry and that Bill Higgins have blown themselves up with fireworks and burnt off one of Evelyn's plaits. Lardi and Tottie, the Solikely (late Goltely) Sisters don't now speak to each other except on the stage, and Ma talks of getting a divorce from Poor Pa and retiring to a home for wasted wives.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES

GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," January 18th, 1890.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____
Occupation, if any _____
How many times applied _____
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, January 22nd, 1890. The Result of the Competition of January 11th, 1890, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for January 25th, 1890.

180th WEEK. RESULT OF JANUARY 4th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. T. J. ATKINS, Junior Clerk, 9 Dunboyne Street, Hampstead. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—54 years. LONDON.
2. W. RICHARDS, Litho Minder, 77 Pownall Road, Dalston. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—4 years, 46 weeks. LONDON.
3. FREDERICK C. COX, Booking Clerk L. and S. W. Ry., 5 Lucerne Terrace, Earlsfield Road, Wandsworth. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—Since June, 1884. LONDON.
4. R. S. GRANT, Clerk, Rock Villa, Widcombe. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—4 years, 10 months, 3 weeks. BATH.
5. JOHN GLASSCOCK, Station Master, G. E. Ry., West Mill. Age, 59 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. BUNTINGFORD.
6. ANNIE BUTTERS, West Lavant. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—5 years, 20 weeks. CHICHESTER.
7. ALBERT TOOGOOD, House Carpenter, Powderham Castle, Powderham. Age, 40 years. Subscriber—4 years. EXETER.
8. FRANK NORTON, Marine (Sergt., R.M.L.L.), Forton Barracks. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—4 years, 5 months. GOSPORT.
9. ALBERT W. CHEESMAN, Clerk, 3 St. Michael's Terrace. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. HASTINGS.
10. SIDNEY MORDEY, Jockey, care of John Porter, Esq., Park House. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—4 years, 1 week. KINGSCERE.
11. MAUDE PERREE, Assistant School Teacher, 26 Leven Street. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—5 years, 20 weeks. KIRKDALE.
12. JOHN SMITH, Blacksmith, 10 Broadabbane Street, Bonnington Road. Age, 25 years. Subscriber, 4 years, 22 weeks. LEITH.
13. WILLIAM TAYLOR HARLEY, Naval Architect, 36 Wharnclyffe Street, Scotswood Road. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
14. B. E. NEEDHAM, Patent Medicine Vendor. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. NEWMILNS.
15. EDWARD WILLIAMS, Cooper, 24 Shepherd Street. Age, 53 years. Subscriber, 4 years, 11 weeks. NORTHFLEET.
16. SEPTIMUS YOUNG, Ship Broker, 77 Tyne Street. Age, 54 years. Subscriber—4 years, 41 weeks. NORTH SHIELDS.
17. JOHN BAKER, Ticket Collector, 5 Croydon Road. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—4 years, 36 weeks. PENGE.
18. JAMES ELLES, Hairdresser, 15 Nelson Place. Age, 34 years. Subscriber—5 years, 1 month. RYDE.
19. G. ERITH, Shipwright, 7 Brewery Row, Hope Street, Mile Town. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—4 years, 4 months. SHEERNESS-ON-SEA.
20. JOHN WILLIAM MAY, Harness Maker, Bradley Street. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—close on 44 years. WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

NO. 65.—THE CEMETERY CHAPLAIN.

ASHES to ashes, dust to dust,
From day to day—I stay, I must;
'Tis thus I earn my daily bread,
Welcoming the silent dead.

At the chapel door I stand,
With my book, sir, in my hand;
Undertakers by the score
Have seen me standing at the door.

The widow's dead is brought to me,
Two pounds or more, she'll spend, you see;
Her reputation, sir, to save,
Her "man" must have no pauper's grave.

In flimsy black and bonnet bent,
In mourning by her neighbours lent:
With her youngster at her breast,
She takes her husband to his rest.

Then the widow of the poor
Comes towards me at the door:
For her my voice, its hackneyed note,
A trifle sweeter leaves my throat.

The pompous moneyed local swell
I too welcome, sir, as well:
His next of kin can scarce contain
The joy they feel at what they'll gain.

The simple workman, dirt begrimed,
Not there would have his wife's death timed:
From his eyes the hot tears fall
Behind the cotton-velvet pall.

Ah, me! a sad, sad life it seems,
A sort of catalogue of dreams:
The rich, the poor, the grave, the gay,
I greet them all in my sad way.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to:—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

THE LION GIRL.

SOME people are tremendously partial to seeing anything that there is a good deal of danger about. They like to see women go up on high trapezes, and are almost disappointed if now and again they do not hear of one breaking her neck.

Among other pleasant ways of getting a living is that of being a lion king, or an emperor among the lions, or a lion queen.

My story, by the way, is about a lion queen.

She originally lived in the country. She was a buxom dairymaid. She was as strong as a bull. She could lift sacks of flour on her back as easily as if they were baskets of feathers. She had an uncommonly pretty face, too.

One day one of those circus managers, who always have to keep their eyes open, saw her talking to a young fellow. She was seated on a stile.

"There's something about that girl," said the public caterer, "which I'm sure would make a draw. She's as strong as Samson." (He did not mean the gentleman at the Aquarium, but the Scripture hero who went blind and was made a fool of). "That girl would hold her own with a panther," he said.

So he went and made up to her. He took her to the next fair and gave her lots of flattery, bad port wine, cakes and ribbons.

She saw the women in the circus show, bedizen with tinsel rubbish and satin—not too much satin or clothes of any sort. In the end she went and joined the circus.

"What a nerve the beggar has got," the circus manager said. "Last night she would go into the cage with the lions instead of Ramo."

Now Ramo was called the lion king. He was a fine-looking plucky fellow. But he liked Scotch whisky quite as much as showing off with the lions.

One day he had too much special Scotch, and hit one of the monarchs of the forest in the eyeball instead of on the skull.

That particular monarch of the forest did for him. There was a coroner's inquest, and some paltry paragraphs in the papers.

Then our female friend, late of the dairy, volunteered to become the lion queen.

"And well she looks it," said the circus manager, "why, that old Nero, the best beast of the lot, positively loves her."

She used to stand up and pretend to box with Nero the lion. It was decidedly dangerous, but yet curious to look at. Now, the circus manager had promised to marry our friend. "You won't keep your word?" she said to him, one day, quietly. "I can't, my love," he remarked, "you can't complain, you really have a very good screw."

She was very quiet. She got the reputation at last of being able to do anything with the lions.

Sometimes people, who were fools enough, would go into the cage with her, while she kept the roaring beasts at bay.

"You should see old Nero, nose to nose," she said, one day, to the circus manager, "why don't you come in?"

"You can do anything with 'em," he said: "one day I will, hanged if I don't. You think I've not got the pluck to do it."

"I dare you!" answered the girl, with a queer look.

One day he had a little Scotch whisky extra. "I'll go into the cage with you, my dear!" he said. He did so, before a full audience. For a second or so the lion queen had her back to the audience. In another second, Nero had flown at the circus manager, and had him down on his back, with a broken spine.

Surely a lion could not answer to a wink for a signal! I don't know. There are many funny things happen in this world.

The lion queen hasn't married anybody, but she's making a pot of money. I don't know, all things considered, that I should care to marry her myself.



Seated on a stile.



With the lions.



Nero flew at the manager.



"I'm awfully dull down here. Not a single male thing worthy of the name of man for miles-around, excepting our host's foot-man. Don't be surprised, dear, to hear that I have eloped with him."—Extract from letter of young lady.

SLOPER'S SECRET CAMERA.



No. 20.—Portrait of two gentlemen muchly influenced, to young lady's consternation. Taken by SLOPER'S instantaneous process.

MANY A TIME.



"Is that your second mount, captain?"
"Second! It's my tenth. He's chucked me off nine times."

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 113.—MADAME VICTORINA.

"A perfect woman nobly formed is she." —The Dook Snook.

"What care I for all the world if Victorina loves but me?"

—Lord Bob.

"Ah, gladly would I die for her, the empress of my heart!"

—The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—MR. HENRY M. STANLEY.



(1). Distance is with A. SLOPER no object, and his travelling preparations are simple. To cleanse the family toothbrush of Aspinall's Enamel, used by Alexandry in touching up the drawing-room furniture for the late festive season, and laying in a stock of "Unsweetened" was the work of two twos, and then away for Stanley.—(2). A. SLOPER will pass over the journey and come to the great traveller. Space will not allow of a full report of the interview. The Eminent's mind's eye was once again called into requisition in making accurate thumbnail sketches as Mr. Stanley described the new people he had met with. This, for instance, is a fierce Wanyora bandit. "Wau yor a bandit you're expected to look fierce, eh, Mr. Stanley: *persaras*. By-the-by, how did you come off for drinks?" "Indifferently. Now, this is a sample of Kativa water." "An African liquor, I presume? Permit me."—(3). A. SLOPER tried it and squirmed. "All salt lakes in those districts, Mr. SLOPER." "You mentioned in one of your letters the fine featured Wasongoro." "Yes, a tribe not to be confounded with the *plains* of Usongoro."—(4). A. SLOPER here made a thumbnail of a Wasongoro tartlet. —(5). Also of one of the shepherd race of the eastern uplands. "I should like to tell you something about the Wakonju tribe, Mr. SLOPER." "And Wakonju—I mean, why can't you?" "Because time, I know, with you is precious—good-day!"

DEPLORABLE STATE OF THINGS ON THE BROWSIDE.



1. The Elder is melancholilly dotty.

2. The Laird has 'em again (bad).

3. The Meenister is drivelling.

4. And McSwine and Parritch think they are Kilkenny cats.

J. & Brown.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Good morning: hab you dot the influenza? If not, you won't be habby till you get it. I hab got it badly. Hobe you won't catch it through reading these lines. Ah-ch-ce-sh-en! Oh, by dose. Forward:—*Piece workers influenza shun, Salaried clerks think it great fun:—In Bradford town, the other day, The wind the regular deuce did play:—"Not wanted!" cried the Captain bold; And quickly overboard Tom rolled:—The dog protest proved quite a sell: Three dogs turned up the tale to tell:—Quoth Mr. Greek, "Oh, Willie dear, I've come from Greece to see you here:—Another fresh wrong now behold, Two women killed, so I am told:—The "Daily Graphic" will, I hope, Sell quite as well as—someone's soap:—Nice influenzatiz weather, isn't it! A little bit of all seasons, and a grand sequel—a week in bed. Ah, me! Is a man happy in this world? Emphatically no! says—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.*



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."
If little Gargles had not been so confused by the approach of Ethel Oglathorpe he might have seen that the exhaler was open.



MAMMA AND DAUGHTER.
A sketch from life.

A HEARTLESS DEBTOR.



Clara. Why, Jack, whatever have you been doing with yourself?
Jack (her brother). Oh, it's all right, Clara; quite jolly, in fact. I shall be free from dunning for at least a month. Five minutes ago two of us fell through the ice; the other fellow happened to be my tailor, and he is more than three parts drowned, I'm pleased to say.



Husband. Another fine bill from the dressmaker I shall have to pay.
She. To be sure. You would not, I suppose, like another one to pay it?



"Thish bedsh confounded cold (hie). Maria might have rubbedsh warming-jam over it."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

ALLY ON POETS, DEAD AND LIVING.

DEATH has been unusually busy in the ranks of English poets of late. Dr. Charles Mackay, William Allingham, Martin Tupper, the aged poetess, Eliza Cook, and Robert Browning having all gone over to the great majority during the past year. These are blanks impossible to fill. It is true, but let us not give way entirely, like some of our daily contemporaries think is necessary. There are surely still some few shining lights left. How about Tennyson? How about Swinburne? How about SLOPER? Are these men to be blotted out? When the time comes for the Most-Frequently-Kicked-Out-Man-in-Europe to be laid beside Chaucer and Spenser, Ben Jonson and Dryden, then—but not till then, we suppose—will his genius be fully appreciated. Perhaps the most poetic piece of the later work of the Eminent are the opening lines of his "Owed to £500," which are:—



Commencing with the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for August 3rd, 1889, cut out the first paragraph in "ALLY-CAMPANE" from each week's paper, and keep the cuttings by you until January 25th, 1890, when you will have twenty-six in your possession. Then post the twenty-six cuttings, with

your name and address, to "Sloper's £500 Competition," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C., and look in an early number for the name and address of the lucky winner of the £500. Don't post any of the cuttings until you have the twenty-six—that is, one from each week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," commencing August 3rd, 1889, and ending January 25th, 1890. In case you lose any of your cuttings, back numbers are kept in stock, which may be had through any newsagent or railway stall, price one penny, or, post-free, three-halfpence, direct from "The Sloperies."

A MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

The circulation of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is now considerably over three hundred and forty thousand copies weekly, and if, by January 25th, 1890, it should reach four hundred thousand copies, in addition to the £500 above mentioned, £1,000 will be given, in Twenty Consolation Prizes of £50 each, to twenty unsuccessful competitors in the £500 Competition. You fail to see the connection between the losses Literature has recently sustained and the £500 Competition? You are singularly dull, then, and your mind must be entirely devoid of all poetic feeling and imagination.

THE latest novelty in evening gloves is to have them embroidered in pretty pale colours, the design beginning at the back of the hand and continuing in a spiral round and round the arm to the very top of the glove. The effect is exceedingly fanciful, and the somewhat florid effect suits certain gowns made of rich brocades, or of embroidered silks. The Friv. girls are mad on this latest fashion, and if a swell wishes to become acquainted with any of the dear little things, he has only to make her a present of a box of the gloves, and the thing is done.

THE evening of Friday, January 3rd, was rendered singularly enjoyable to the vast audience gathered together at the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, in consequence of the combined attractions of a visit from the Eminent and suite and the grand pantomime of *Whittington and his Cat*. Mr. Isaac Cohen very fortunately met the Tottering Edifice at the entrance, and with the help of a few policemen, managed to get most of the Family into the private box reserved for them. Isaac said afterwards it was like collecting sheep together on the Scotch hills. According to all accounts the Elder McNab was the worst behaved of the lot, and was, therefore, the first to be chucked. To be serious, Mr. Cohen has produced a pantomime difficult to beat, and ALLY wouldn't be surprised if it is being played to full houses in the middle of next summer.

GILBERT and Sullivan's latest opera is, in every sense of the word, a success. It is, undoubtedly, the best thing they have done since the *Mikado*. The libretto is abundantly sprinkled with jokes and witticisms truly Gilbertian in their topsyturvydomness, and Sullivan's music will, we have no doubt, soon be made popular by the organ grinding fraternity. Although we miss the genial face of good old George Grossmith, we are to a certain extent recompensed by the return of Rutland Barrington. Frank Wyatt makes his first appearance at this theatre in *The Gondoliers*, and he, together with the other members of the company, work right royally in their efforts to do credit to the opera prepared for them by the illustrious twain.

THERE has been some talk of presenting Cardinal Manning with a testimonial on the occasion of his jubilee celebration in July next. The movement has the entire sympathy of the Eminent.

THE American plan of marrying without settlements and letting Lo-h husband and wife retain control of their respective properties is gaining in popularity in England. There are to be no settlements in connection with the marriage of Lord Clifford to Miss Towneley, although the pretty bride's fortune will in the long run probably amount to a moiety of the great Towneley estates.

"WE won't go home till morning," says the song. No; and it's long odds against you being home then if the World's Fair should be the means of tempting you within the portals of the Agricultural Hall. The amusements are so varied and numerous that one finds a great difficulty in tearing themselves away from the sportive crowd which throng the fair nightly, and the simple tanner is the only fee demanded to admit you to this scene of bliss. And who would regret expending sixpence for such a round of enjoyment? Then wrap yourself up, snap your fingers scornfully at Influenza, and trot off to Islington at once. When you get there, follow the crowd.

THE other day the Emperor of Germany, who went out shooting with Prince Hatzfeldt, at Trachenberg, Silesia, made the enormous bag of 550 pheasants, seven hares, a rabbit, and two other animals not specified. What were the two unspecified animals? A cat and a gamekeeper, in all probability, or was it a cow and a pig in mistake for a hare and rabbit?

IT seems to A. SLOPER that wherever the European goes he must carry with him the fatal vice of drink. It is not the pleasantest thing to be told that the state of Zanzibar Town after dark is dangerous, owing to the immense number of drinking-shops, and that the greatest offenders against the peace are drunken Europeans.

MADAME Tussaud and Son have added another interesting model to their world famed collection, that of George Augustus Sala. It is a marvellously life like representation of the famous journalist, and the party of his confrères who were invited to view the model and inaugurate the opening of a most luxurious smoking and reading room, were loud in their praises. The managers certainly do not lack enterprise, and decidedly keep pace with the times, for in a tour around the premises the Eminent noticed models of most of the persons whose names have been brought prominently before the public from years back down to the last few months; Pigott, Mrs. Maybrick, and Mr. T. P. Barnum being the latest additions. It is to be regretted that A. SLOPER so far forgot himself, under the influence of the champagne which he drank at supper, as to take liberties with the effigy of a well known member of the Royal Family, almost causing the model of H.R.H. to melt with the combined feelings of rage and jealousy. The Ancient Fossil felt some surprise, and no little indignation, to find that a portrait model of so celebrated a personage as himself was not included in the collection, and we would advise the management to remedy the omission without delay:

There's hardly a doubt that they'd do better biz.
For the Eminent said that he knew so
Many people who'd come if they modelled his phiz.
That he'd heartily thank them to Tussaud (do so).

A MOST enjoyable evening was spent recently by those who were present at the Fancy Dress Dance at the Portman Rooms, given by Mr. R. M. Crompton, on which occasion that well known exponent of the poetry of motion gave, assisted by pupils, an entertainment, entitled *Waltzing and Waltzers*, in which examples of all the variations of the dance from fifty years ago, down to the latest departure, were given in a manner which excited the greatest admiration. Mr. Crompton then gave a few illustrations of the mannerisms of modern dancers, which was an admirable piece of burlesque. If Mr. Crompton had not been born a dancing master he would have made a first-rate actor.

IN order to conform to the wishes of their patrons the Empire Management has changed the positions of the two ballets. "The Paris Exhibition" is now played at 8.30, and "A Dream of Wealth" at 10.30. We must also congratulate them on securing the exclusive services of Mdlle. Vanoni.

NOW then, kind friends, please, you who have not given your mite to "ALLY SLOPER'S Christmas Appeal," we are waiting for you. You can never miss a few coppers, and you will be helping a really good cause. Now, don't let us have to ask so pointedly again, there's dear good people, on will see what a little enthusiasm can do. The winner of "ALLY SLOPER'S Christmas Box of £20" has obtained no less than 3,251 penny subscriptions towards ALLY'S "Christmas Appeal." If you haven't quite as many friends as this, you surely have some friends who would subscribe. Do try!



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 25TH, 1890.

19th January, 1828.—On this night the eastern part of a dwelling house, in the occupation of Mr. John Dawbin, of Chedzey, near Bridgewater, was blown down by the violence of the wind. The side wall fell through the roof of a stable and crushed a calf to death. Mr. and Mrs. Dawbin had a miraculous preservation; a stack of chimneys fell into the room where they were sleeping, within a few inches of the bed, but without doing either of them the slightest injury.

19th January, 1848.—Isaac Disraeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield, died this day, aged eighty-two. His son says, "A man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. In London his only amusement was to ramble among bookshelves. In the country he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter or coin a sentence." His literary career was cut short in 1839 by a paralysis of the optic nerve.

20th January, 1828.—The *Gloucester Journal* records that "Four persons started together inside of our mail, this night from London, and the whole of the conversation which passed between them, from the time they left the Gloucester Coffee-house in Piccadilly, until they separated at the Plough Hotel at Cheltenham, was comprised in forty-one words! What renders the circumstance more singular is, that two of this quartet were previously known to each other, and some of them were attached to the Bow Street Police-office, on their route into Herefordshire, for the purpose of investigating the circumstances of the recent robbery of the Ledbury Bank."

20th January, 1828.—"The Lincolnshire Agricultural Society," we read under this date, "gave a prize of ten guineas to one man, for having had seventeen children (ten living) and been forty years in the service of one master, and another of five guineas, for twenty-five children (ten living) and a service of forty-one years."

20th January, 1869.—The "Table of Contents" was first introduced by the *Times* of this date.

21st January, 1681.—The first appearance of females in ballet entertainments took place this day at the French Opera. Baltazarini, director of music to Catherine de Medici, was the inventor of modern ballet. The Greeks introduced the ballet into their comedies. The Romans were the first to introduce the *ballet d'action*, in which the performer is both actor and dancer. On the first representation of the ballet in England, it is said that many of the audience quitted the theatre in (real or pretended) disgust; and that for some time the ballet was classed among the indicacies of the season.

21st January, 1647.—The plague broke out this day at Edinburgh. "The last they had," says a gossip of the time, "ragged so violently that the fortieth man or woman lives not of those that dwelt there four years since, but it is all peopled with new faces."

21st January, 1864.—Marie Charles, the columbine, died this day from the results of an accident by fire at the Pavilion Theatre.

22nd January, 1828.—In the *Brighton Gazette* we read that in the neighbourhood of Clarence Place, the house of Mr. B. Wood was reported to be haunted. The bells rang daily at stated hours, namely, five, one, and eight o'clock, with the exception of one evening when they were tied up by Mr. Wood. "The evil spirit then, however, avenged himself by causing some ham and bacon in the kitchen to skip about in the most marvellous manner; and (on this day) the kitchen jack, of its own accord, flew suddenly to pieces. No clue has yet been found to unravel the mystery, but strong suspicions are, we understand, entertained that some neighbours are in the plot."

22nd January, 1888.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lord Byron was celebrated in Athens and Vienna on this day. The leading papers published articles on Byron's life and works. The Greek community in London held a special religious service, at their church in Bayswater, to commemorate the event; and the Archimandrite, in a panegyric on the poet, said he did more for Greece than all her patriots, but, unfortunately, did not live to see the fruit of his works.

22nd January, 1879.—Those who are possessed of any autographs of Charles Dickens may be pleased to hear that on this day a common cloth edition of the "American Notes" fetched five guineas at Christie's sale of Dr. Quin's books, simply because it contained an inscription and signature by the author.

23rd January 1804.—This day, after the great fight between Joe Berks and the Game Chicken had come off, a purse was got up, and George Maddox, the "Veteran," fought Seabrook, a dustman, a bouncing second-rate pugilist. At the end of the third round the dustman fell out of the ropes and swore his arm was broken. No sooner, however, had he "nibbled the gull" (pocketed the cash) than he asserted that he was not a bit hurt. Bill Richmond, an athletic nigger, expressed himself desirous of a shy with a professed pugilist, and was indulged by the deposit of a small stake. Three rounds were fought. In the last Maddox caught Richmond an electrifying blow under the left eye, which "so completely queered his ogle that he at once gave in."

23rd January, 1870.—Henry Placide, the American actor, died this day, aged seventy.

23rd January, 1858.—Signor Lablache, vocalist, died this day, at Naples, aged sixty-four.

24th January, 1503.—Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey was founded on this day. In the year 1550, several estates, belonging to Westminster Abbey, were granted for the repair and sustenance of St. Paul's Cathedral. As Westminster Abbey is dedicated to St. Peter, the taking of the Abbey funds for the benefit of St. Paul's gave rise to the proverbial saying, "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

24th January, 1637.—Hasty pudding, a batter made of flour or oatmeal stirred in boiling water, is a dish eaten with treacle or sugar at sea. It is not to be despised in need, although Lord Charles Dorset—the sailor poet—who was born on the above date, speaks of it disparagingly:

"Sure, hasty pudding is thy chiefest dish,
With bullock's liver, or some stinking fish."

25th January, 1868.—In *Notes and Queries* of this date we read that "The Commandments were set up in churches in 1564, by the order of Queen Elizabeth; but there is no authority whatever for placing the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer in churches."

25th January, 1504.—By a statute of this date it was enacted that no man should shoot with the long-bow without the king's licence, except he be a lord, or have two hundred marks of land.

25th January, 1857.—John Harroway, composer and musical director, died this day, aged forty-seven.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

WELCOME NEWS TO WALTZERS.

Johann Strauss, the eminent waltz composer, has stated his intention of forthwith improving the waltz, so as to allow more time for conversation.]



THEY threaten the Waltz with improvement—
At least, thus does Waltz-builder Strauss.
'Tis to be more attractive in movement,
Says Johann, who's not without nous.
He thinks that the old form of gliding
Interferes with our dialogue's flow;
And so, he's of late been confiding
His views on the Waltz *comme il faut*.
He proposes to give in this grand innovation
More chance of indulging in sweet conversation.
So ye youths who are lightly fantastic,
While clasping your fair partner's waist,
Your step now may be more elastic,
While you need not in talk make such haste.
'Twill be better for billing and cooing,
Which in dances to-day often halts;
More soft nothings amid the "froutrou"-ing
Will be whispered in Strauss' new Waltz,
And when treading on toes causes deep indignation,
This Waltz-gives more room for "intense" conversation!

A "SOUND" PERFORMER.

"WHAT do you think of Professor Dominothumper's playing?" asked Mrs. Splutter after a pianoforte recital. "It's very remarkable," said Mr. Brown; "I've been watching him, and I don't think I've seen anybody perspire as he has since—"
[Remainder lost in prelude to next song.]

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Slopieries,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Slopers Half-Holiday," January 18th, 1890.

Name.....

Address.....

Want*.....

* "Slopers Watches" will not be given.

155th WEEK.

RESULT OF JANUARY 4th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. AMY ELIZA ALLSOP, 42 Landcroft Road, East Dulwich, LONDON.

A MINCING MACHINE.

2. G. W. BROWN, Castle Street, WELLINGBOROUGH.

A STAMP ALBUM.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are included with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



CLARICE (Aged 18).

A YOUNG LADY, aged 22, fair, medium height, very pretty, with small income of her own, wishes to correspond with a gentleman about 26 (dark preferred). Must be well educated, good looking, good tempered, of a tender and loving disposition. Please address—"E.D.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

BERTIE AND ERNEST would like to correspond with two young ladies. Bertie, 23, tall, dark, and very muscular; Ernest 21, fair, and a non-smoker. Both possessed of a fair income. Address—"B" or "E," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LIZZIE wishes to meet with a steady, respectable young man whose intentions are strictly honourable, age about 26 or 27, dark complexion. Lizzie is of medium height, aged 25, very domesticated, musical, and fond of home. Please inclose photo (which will be returned, if desired) to—"LIZZIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

GENTLEMAN, height 6 feet, age 24, fair, with a fairly good income, would like to correspond with a young lady, of about same age, with a view to matrimony. Address (with photo, if possible, which will be returned) to—"FRED," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ZOE AND JEANETTE, ages 27 and 28. Zoe, fair; Jeanette, dark. Medium height, and considered good looking. Thoroughly domesticated, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to marriage. Please address—"ZOE" AND "JEANETTE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopieries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

GAIETY THEATRE, January 2nd, 1890.

DEAR ALLY,—Please accept my best thanks for the "Award of Merit." I may confess that I feel proud of the honour conferred on me.
Yours sincerely,
MEYER LUTZ.

ROYAL MUSIC HALL, HOLBORN, January 4th, 1890.

DEAR SLOPER,—Allow me to thank you most heartily for the "Award of Merit" you have so kindly bestowed upon
Yours sincerely,
BELLE BLACK.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| CARL ABBS,
Because he's Absolutely the Strongest Man on Earth. | ANNIE IRISH,
Because she played Minnie Gilfillan in Sweet Lavender. |
| F. R. BENSON,
Because of his "Midsummer Night's Dream." | THE PITCHER (Sporting Times)
Because he's the only pitcher that never went to the well. |
| E. F. BREWNTALL,
Because he painted "The Outlaws." | FRANK P. SLAVIN,
Because he's the Champion of England. |
| JOHN D'AUBAN,
Because he arranged the Tootsie "Pis de Trois." | GEOFFREY THORN,
Because he's a "Grand" pantomime writer. |
| CHARLES HARRIS,
Because in Cinderella he has produced the most gorgeous pantomime ever seen. | CECIL DUCARET,
Because he's a refined ventriloquist and a clever conjurer. |
| MISS HERBERT,
Because she's Paul Jones II. | GENIEVE WARD,
Because it will help to re Ward her. |

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane,
January 18th, 1890. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £91 3s. 5d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

E. A. S. E., 1s.; per C. LATCHFORD, 6s.; XMAS PARTY (Forest Gate), 5s.; W. J. LYONS, 6d.; A FRIEND, 2s.; ALF. BELLATTI, 6d.; LOW CHURCHMAN, 1s.; S. RABBITT, 1s.; per CHAS. G. HAMES, 9s. 6d.; C. H. (Norwich), 6d.; W. M. BACON, 5d.; J. H. WINDER, 3d.; G. T. LECH, 6d.; MARY BELCHER, 1d.; T. S. (Hull), 1s.; WALTER C. FOX, 1s.; per J. W. KORTRIGHT AND FRIENDS, 5s. 6d.; ERNEST BUTTELL, 3s. 6d.; THE STAFF OF MR. H. NEWSON SMITH, £2 1s. 6d.; C. F. W., 5s.; DOLLY PEET, 7d.; THE GUZZLING PIG OF THE PRAIRIE, 5s.; per A. E. JACKSON, 3s. 10d.; W. PERRY, 1d.; DOCTOR BELTON, 1s.; LEVI STOCKLEY, 1d.; Mrs. BARBER, 3d.; per JAS. BURNHAM, 10s. 2d.; J. J. AYLWARD, 6d.; NANCY, 1s.; W. J. HORTON, 6d.; per R. A. H. B., 6d.; per LEX (Canterbury), 1s.; per ROBERT MOORE, 4s.; J. A. BURNSIDE, 3d.; M. A. DUNN, 3d.; WALTER H. PAUL, 6d.; E. DUNPHY, 4d.; M.G., 4s.; WALTER WOOD, 2d.; W. FAULKNER, 1s.; per Mrs. BURCHALL, 2s. 3d.; E. TUCK, 3d.; Mrs. HARRIS, 3d.; T. BRANDON, 2s. 6d.; PERMORE, 2s. 6d.; BEVERLAKE, 2s. 6d.; W. JOHNSON, 1s.; LITTLE NELLIE, 1s. 5d.; CROWIE, 6d.; Wm. TRINDER, 6d.; DIRTY DICK, 1s.; ONLY A SERVANT, 1s.; POOR LAIRD, 2s.; JAS. ALDRIDGE, 6d.; ARTHUR CECIL, £1 1s.; JAMES MYERS, 1s.; A. CROFTON, 1s.; ARTHUR HARGREAVES, 1s.; B. W. (Cromdale), 1s.; R. PENROSE, 1s.; Wm. HAZELL, 1s.; E. BLACKBURN, 1s.; MINNIE THURGATE, F.O.S., 5s.; LITTLE DOT, 6d.; A FRIEND FROM BLANDFORD, 6d.; WILLIE (Bathmies), 6d.; C. AND A FEW KIDS, 9s.; OLD MAID, 2s. 6d.; A CIRCUS RIDER, 4s. 10d.; WALTER J. STEVENSON AND FRIENDS, 2s. 6d.; NEW YEAR, 1s.; H.G.J., 6d.; THE NATIONAL (Oswestry), 3s.; J. T. P., 2d.; W. J. BICKNELL, 1s. 10d.; ANON (Epsom), 1s.; HARRY WOOD, 1s.; H. E. MOORE, 1s.; CECIL WHEELER, 10s.; J. T. H. (Stockton-on-Tees), 1s.; FRANCIS STEPHENSON, 3d.; J. H. D., 4d.; T. G. B., 6d.; S. V. GAY (Winchester), F.O.S., W. DYSON, 6d.; E. H., 3d.; BUNGO SHARLOW, 1d.; R. M. CROMPTON, F.O.S., 10s. 6d.; T. A. MADDOCK, 1s.; "SWIFTS," 5s.; W. A. H., 1s.; E. G. BRASSKY, 6d.; J. C. (Bridgewater), 1s.; VIOLET, ETHEL, and SONNIE, 1s.; EVERYBODY'S AUNT MEG, £1; MCILLAN, 2s. 6d.; BESSIE, 6d.; E. N. APPLETON, 3d.; Collected by J. O. YOUNG, 5s.; "THE LOVELY ONE," 1s.; MAY ENGLISH, 3d.; per CARRIE POTTO, 2s. 6d.; C. GOBLE, 6d.; THOMAS ROBINSON, 2d.; A. CHESTERMAN, 1s.; B. PLANT, 3d.; W. PERRY, 1d.; Collected by A. P. DODGE, 1s. 10d.; MATTHEW TWEDDIE, 1d.; E. D. REAKES, 3d.; R. T., 6d.; A. E. M., 3d.; F. W., 6d.; E. MATTHEWS, 1s.; GEE-GE (Hatcham), 1s. 6d.; YORKSHIRE BITE, 6d.; A. CHASEMORE, £1 1s.; MAX (Bristol), 1s.; S. MIKE (Saffron Walden), 1s.; per Competition for "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS BOX," £81 14s. 5d.
Making a total received up to January 7th, 1890—£190 8s. 1d.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION FOR £20.

The Successful Competitor is

JOHN AUGUSTUS ASHBOLT, "Globe Photographic Company,"
St. Mawes, Exmoor Road, Queensland, Southampton,
he having collected £13 10s. 11d. for "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL," in 3,251 Penny Subscriptions.

The following is a list of the Unsuccessful Competitors, showing the amounts collected and the number of subscriptions obtained by them, all of which have been added to the "Appeal Fund," and acknowledged, above:—ARTHUR BERRY (2362), £9 16s. 10d.; W. KEEFE (1114), £3 12s. 10d.; EUGENIE E. ANTHONY (501), £2 18s. 5d.; JESSIE BACON (560), £2 15s.; ARTHUR W. GUNNELL (629), £2 13s. 3d.; ELSIE SHARP (512), £2 2s. 8d.; CAMPBELL, ARGYLE (469), £1 19s. 1d.; JANETTA E. GOFFIN (369), £1 10s. 9d.; E. JOHNSON (365), £1 10s. 5d.; W. HENRY FORT (336), £1 8s.; J. PAINTER (356), £1 8s.; C. H. HARRIS (394), £1 5s. 4d.; F. N. MARTINER (303), £1 5s. 3d.; MISS S. BEER (287), £1 3s. 11d.; WILLIAM BARKER (283), £1 3s. 7d.; ISAAC KENDRICK (281), £1 3s. 5d.; F. W. ALBONES (277), £1 3s. 1d.; R. T. LATHAM (271), £1 2s. 7d.; B. PEGGS (266), £1 2s. 2d.; R. ROUSE (258), £1 1s. 6d.; Sergt. J. NELSON (252), £1 1s.; T. WHITTEMORE (216), 18s.; A. E. V. COOK (210), 17s. 6d.; Wm. D. LEWEL (205), 17s. 1d.; AGNES TURNER (198), 16s. 6d.; S. S. MESSULAM (183), 15s. 3d.; G. JOHNSON (180), 15s.; W. SHIPWAY (180), 15s.; HERBERT J. HUMPHREYS (180), 15s.; Miss GOANS (177), 14s. 9d.; W. E. PAYNE (172), 14s. 4d.; "BINCHSTER" (160), 13s. 4d.; H. GOATLEY (154), 12s. 10d.; H. J. MANNS (150), 12s. 6d.; FREDERICK MAIN (150), 12s. 6d.; W. CLAYSON (145), 12s. 1d.; E. TABLETON (135), 11s. 3d.; HAROLD CHAPMAN (132), 11s.; F. S. ROSS (124), 10s. 4d.; SAMUEL MOORHOUSE (124), 10s. 4d.; Sergt. F. HAYES (123), 10s. 3d.; Miss E. BURTON (121), 10s. 1d.; A. S. RAY (120), 10s.; Mrs. SWARBICK (120), 10s.; MAY JORDISON (120), 10s.; F. R. BURB (115), 9s. 7d.; MARIA AUSTIN (Widow) (112), 9s. 4d.; ALBERT PELLETIER (109), 9s. 1d.; GEORGE LOBB (108), 9s.; EDWARD J. COLERY (90), 7s. 6d.; H. STYLES (85), 7s. 1d.; CHAS. E. STANFIELD (80), 6s. 8d.; "A. H. G." (75), 6s. 3d.; CLAUDE ROSCORIA (72), 6s.; "REN" (72), 6s.; J. M. BRUCE (72), 6s.; S. OLIVER (69), 5s. 9d.; Miss LYNAM (62), 5s. 2d.; A. VENESS (Bexhill) (60), 5s.; EDWARD PAY (55), 4s. 7d.; EVA MOON (53), 4s. 5d.; JNO. T. TYE (50), 4s. 2d.; BEATRICE GIBSON (48), 4s.; J. C. CONNOR (48), 4s.; J. MARSHALL (46), 3s. 10d.; GRATTIA PACKER (46), 3s. 10d.; W. FARQUHARSON (40), 3s. 4d.; M. COLLIER (40), 3s. 4d.; JOHN LLOYD (38), 3s. 2d.; TALBOT LAMB (36), 3s.; S. A. THOMAS (33), 2s. 9d.; Mrs. E. A. STONE (31), 2s. 7d.; WALTER S. RUGG (30), 2s. 6d.; WILLIAM GOLDSTONE (30), 2s. 6d.; H. BURY (24), 2s.; EMILY DOLTON (21), 1s. 9d.; H. J. MANNS (18), 1s. 6d.; S. ATKINS (18), 1s. 6d.; F. WOOLLARD (17), 1s. 5d.; A. C. SMITH (14), 1s. 2d.; ALBERT STRAUSS (11), 11d.; H. E. HAZLETON (10), 10d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

FOUR-IN-HAND.—A run of three and one for his "knob."
WHEN IS A BLACK HAT A BROWN HAT?—When it's bought for a penny.

A SURE "NP" HAND.—Mr. Justice Day.
CAN THE Rat. Hon. Jellyfish, covering sixteen miles an hour on his new three-wheeler, be said to be "on a trike?"

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

HER: THE STORY OF AN EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.
BY STRIDER STAGGERED.

CHAPTER I.

A STARTLING START.

A STRANGE thing happened. It was a Sunday night in December, and the Darkness was gathering in the Strand when three men,



Through the Strand.

They had not proceeded many yards, when suddenly the Sunday evening silence was broken by a loud cry of despair, and the two foremost men, looking round to see what was up, found that their companion was down. The man had slipped on the Great Mud Path, and fallen down a pit in the gutter.

Groping their way to the spot of their companion's unrehearsed exit, the two survivors threw themselves down on their stomachs, and put their ears to the abyss. For many seconds they hearkened to the reverberations of the disappearing gentleman as he dashed against the sides of the chasm in his descent. At length there was a sudden plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes.

The two men rose and shook their heads mournfully.

"Poor old Toad!" sighed the taller one, a handsome youth of twenty-three, "that's the seventh servant we've lost down that blessed place since last night. Ah, well! we mustn't grumble. I daresay we may meet with a few more volunteers before the dawning of another day. The pit was deep, and very nobbly at the sides, so Toad must have been quite insensible before he reached the bottom, and, probably, the poor fellow died without knowing it."



Put their ears to the abyss.

The shorter man, who was as ugly as Old Nick, endorsed his friend's sentiments by a nod; and then the two men, knotting their handkerchiefs together, and fastening them to their belts, left poor Toad in the hole, and went on their way.

CHAPTER II.

THE DESERT HEIRESS.

TEN months after that Sunday night in December, three men stepped from a canoe on to the bare banks of the Jim-Jam River. Two of them were the survivors of the Strand expedition; the third, evidently the servant of the party, was a man of ordinary average middle height, with a red face and whiskers to match. This man went by the name of Robert. Curly was the appellation rejoiced in by the handsome youth; which his friend, with the bow legs was called Calipers.

Having made fast their canoe to what appeared to be the branch of a fossilized tree, Curly, Calipers, and Robert trudged slowly in the direction of the Wim Wom Desert. When they got there, another strange thing happened. Robert, being terribly fatigued, sat down upon the burning sand. The instant he did so there was no more Robert, and from the spot where he had assumed his fatal

sitting posture, there arose much smoke and many flames. And, anon the flames and smoke cleared off, and, to their amazement, Calipers and Curly beheld the form of a beautiful woman. Her body was enveloped in a robe of lightish gauze, which hung round and about her like a fog; and from her head of raven hair there shone forth a diamond of five hundred candle power.

She stepped up to Curly, and, taking that individual by the collar, spoke, in awe-inspiring tones: "I am the Heiress of the Wim Wom Desert, otherwise Her Who Must be Heard and Obeyed, alias The Egyptian Beauty. I like Thy look, O Curly, and therefore do I command thee to come along o' me."

Even as she spoke there was a singular disturbance of the air: the smoke and flames re-appeared, and then disappeared—and with them went Curly and The Egyptian Beauty, leaving Calipers alone in the Wim Wom Wilderness.

Several more strange things are expected to happen soon.
(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 114. LORD HARTINGTON, F.O.S.

"The illustrious gentleman whose figure this week adorns our pages is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable individuals we have ever had to deal with. It is not often that the reader finds portraits of the aristocracy depicted in this column—we for our part preferring to deal with men who have made their names famous, not through accident of birth, but owing to the greatness of their talents. But to resume. Hartington (the name given him by his intimate friends) is descended from a famous Whig family—we don't wish our readers to run away with the idea that he is the son of a wig maker, we are simply speaking of his family's political relations. Our hero is both a racing and political man—in fact, so fond is he of both pastimes, that he takes 'em mixed—that is, he can sometimes in the ring be seen offering to back odds on Salisbury & Gladstone; while in the House of Commons the Speaker is being continually told by Hartington to ride a waiting race, and to win on the post. Chiefly because he's a straight runner, Lord Hartington was made F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, September 11th, 1886." *Debut improved.*

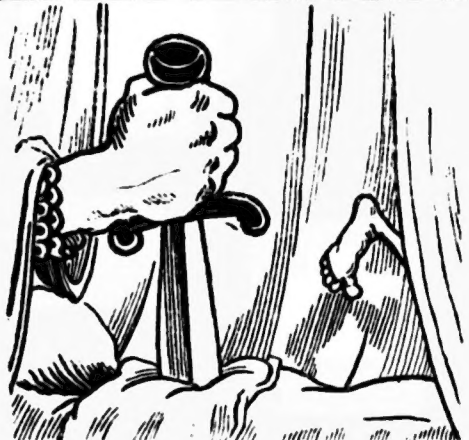


Heartless exhibit of two youngsters, who, having called their uncle to the window to admire the beautiful snow, receive him in this manner."



EST MODUS EN REBUS.

Lady (to theatrical manager). The piece is so full of indelicacies, you'll never get women to come to the theatre.
He. Pardon me, your ladyship, they'll come on purpose to run it down.



With a new set of eyes it is impossible to see anything as he thought, the heart of the beautiful sleeping youth. Then a chuckling laugh was heard, followed by the hanging of a door. . . . The lad had escaped!!!—Extract from the latest shilling shocker.

HOW WE DANCE—THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE.



Mother. What a very absurd exhibition that old man dancing with Lucy is making of himself! How sublimely unconscious he is, too, of the ridicule he excites!
Daughter. And well, we must make some excuse for him, as he's a Highlander. He told me that when ever he came to a dance, he always made up his mind to have his "fling."



Why can niggers be trusted with secrets?—Because they always keep dark.



"AN 'AIRY' NOTHING.
"How do, Miss Furbelow? Why, what an eccentric dog that is of yours. I vow I quite covet him." "Do you, really, Major? Well, which do you covet now, my dog or his hair?"

ABOUT THAT EPIDEMIC.



(1). *Polite Passenger.* "Try a candle, sir! I always carry a good brand about with me."—(2). *Afternoon tea at Mrs. Hoopingkoff-Smith's.*—(3). Yet it snits some people, too! Our doctor, for instance, says he's been putting on flesh of late, and never felt better in his life.—(4). *Judge.* "Prisoner at the bar, in depriving the unfortunate prosecutor, by theft, of his only pocket-handkerchief at the present crisis, you have been guilty of the most atrocious and cold-blooded cruelty it has ever been my duty to punish. I shall sentence you to a thousand years, with hard labour, and you may think yourself lucky to get off so easy!"—(5). "Shorry, m' dear, you should be und' 'impression that I'm 'toeshated. Fact is, I've shimplly been gargling 'th hot water an' lemon-peel, by doc's orders!"

HE FANCIED HIMSELF.



"Oh, George! I thought you knew you were to be in fancy dress." "Just so; but I couldn't think of any novel get-up. So as it was jolly muddy in town, I took a walk down Chancery Lane, and got myself transformed into a tattooed Indian."

UNKIND!



Facitious Policeman (to small chessmonger, who has come a cropper). Hallo, young 'un, what are you doing down there? Up to no good, I'll be bound!